POLITICAL SPELLBINDERS

The Men Who Talk For Votes — AT HEADQUARTERS — The Stars and the Small Fry

ONE of the most important features of a political campaign, especially a national campaign, is the speaking. The people by thousands flock to enjoy the spell cast over them by the eloquent expounders of their favorite doctrines, and the men most attractive, barring the candidates, to the voters are the orators of the campaign. Though these wizards of the platform wear an air of self sufficiency and for the time being seem to carry the responsibility for the welfare of the nation upon their individual shoulders, they are but parts of a great machine that has its directing spirit and its method of operating. It was for the purpose of learning something about how this branch of the work of a great campaign was carried on that I visited the national headquarters of the two great parties and asked for audiences with the chairmen of their respective speakers' bureaus.

Men do not jump up of their own motion and, affixing a party label, go upon the hustings as the prophets of the party of their choice. Nor are they selected or accepted as a matter of course when they present themselves as candidates for the wreath of the spellbinder. A speakers' bureau is a business concern. The man at its head must be a leader and director by nature if he is to make a success of his work. He must be able to distinguish between the orator, the talker and the "stumper," and should know how to dispose of the speaking time of the representatives of these several classes. Some men will elicit unbounded enthusiasm and win converts in communities and under circumstances where others will be wet blankets and send everybody home from a meeting disgusted. The capabilities of a chairman of speakers and the success of his management are measured by these tests.

How does he know? Well, in the first place, he knows, or soon learns, what each speaker did in the previous campaign—what kind of talks he made and how he was received. Then, by the use of his natural ability to size men up, he is able to classify them. This classification is recorded on the books of the chairman, and he is enabled by reference to his records to see at all times the oratorical history of any one of his men. With a new man, one who is entering for the first time upon the career of a spellbinder, he must adopt one or both of two plans. He must accept the opinion of some mutual acquaintance, or he must try the new recruit upon some safe platform, where he will do little damage if he isn't up to the mark.

Having the soothsayers listed, the next thing is to keep them at work under the best conditions. With the national bureau, one of the first things after organization and the listing of the speakers is to inform the state committees as to the personnel of the speaking corps and request their desires as to the services of their respective favorites during the campaign. The most difficult part of the chairman's work comes when he is compelled to decide between the claims of several states (especially if one or more of them be what is called "close") for the services of some "star" speaker. Again, certain men may be counted as particularly strong speakers for certain localities, because of racial or other reasons, and here the chairman must be judicious and discreet. It is true the chairman of the bureau of speakers has the benefit of counseling with the chairman and other members of the national committee, but in the final analysis, after the campaign is over, he has to stand the brunt of all blunders in his department—and is sometimes held for more than his share of the defeat. But in the event of victory? Well, I know the gentlemen in charge of the Democratic and Republican bureaus this year are too modest to lay claim to more than their fair share of credit.

The Republican national committee has two speakers' bureaus this year—one in Chicago and one in New York. Mr. Henry C. Hedges, a prominent lawyer of Mansfield, O., is at the head of the Chicago bureau. He is a veteran in campaign work and has been connected with the bureau of which he is now the western head during three national campaigns.

Senator N. B. Scott of West Virginia has charge of the eastern bureau, with headquarters in New York. Senator Scott is an even tempered, long headed gentleman. His especial diversion during the busy days of the campaign has been found in the cartoons in which he was the central figure printed by the opposition press. The morning I called he was marking one of these caricatures and rolling the papers up to send to friends in different parts of the country. Associated with Senator Scott, as chief assistant, is Fred. H. Wilson of Macon City, Mo. Mr. Wilson is as long as Senator Scott is thick and is serious and solemn in demeanor.

At the head of the Democratic national speakers' bureau is Hon. Daniel McConville of Ohio and Washington. Here is a gentleman who can tell whether a man can make a good speech and where he will best fit in by simply looking at the shape of his head. He is good humor personified, but the man who expects to palm off the remarks of Marc Antony at the bier of Cæsar as a speech suitable for the campaign of 1900 should apply elsewhere than to the Hon. Daniel McConville for a job. The eastern end of the Democratic bureau is managed by ex-Governor Stone of Missouri, who is vice chairman of the national committee and is also somewhat of a spellbinder himself, and Hon. Joseph D. Richardson of Tennessee, chairman of the Democratic congressional committee. Both Mr. Stone and Congressman Richardson do considerable speaking, especially at meetings in the larger eastern cities.

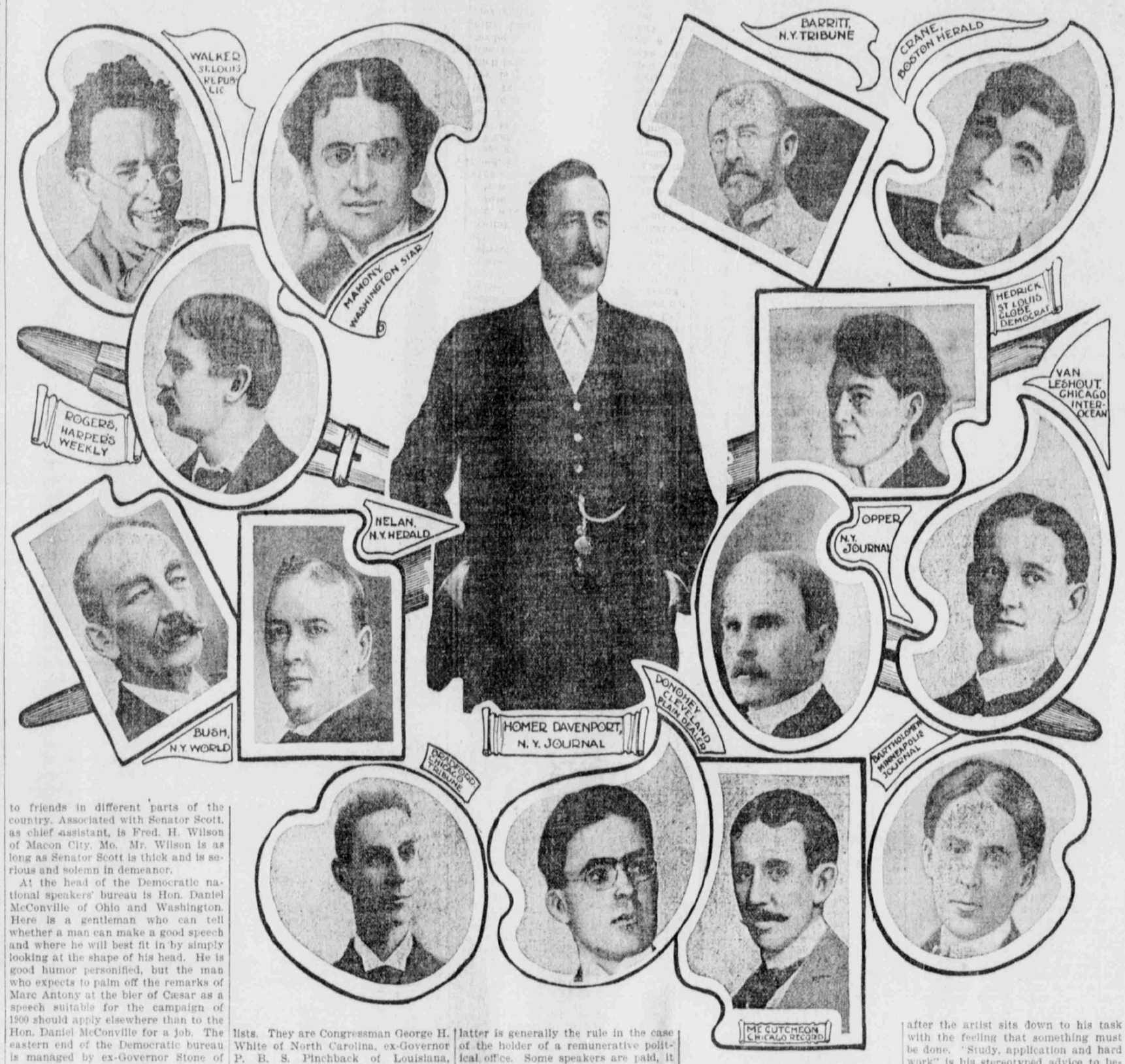
Of course, it was out of the question to get either of the bureau chiefs to say who was their "star" orator in this campaign. As a matter of fact, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to get a decided opinion on this point from the public—barring the national candidates, of course, from the contest. But in each instance I learned which half dozen or more of the speakers were most in demand. Passing Governor Roosevelt, the Republicans most frequently called for are Senators Depew, Foraker, Frye, Lodge and Wolcott, Secretary of War Root, though he has been too ill to do much campaigning; Postmaster General Smith, General Daniel E. Sickles and General Stewart L. Woodford, ex-minister to Spain. To this list of "stars" might be added hundreds of names of men less famous, but, as one of the chairmen said to me, many of them probably just as good and fruitful speakers. Among these are Hon. C. E. Littlefield of Maine, Hon. D. B. Henderson, J. P. Dolliver and Victor B. Dolliver of Iowa, Warner Miller and Frank Hiscock of New York, O. F. Williams, ex-consul to Manila, and John Barrett, ex-minister to Siam; Colonel J. Hampton Hoge and John S. Wise of Virginia; President Schurman of Cornell college, Senators Fairbanks and Beveridge of Indiana, Curtis Guild, Jr., Boston, and Senators Burroughs, Spooner, Davis, Quarles and Cullom. The Republican bureau also has a quartet of experienced negro speakers on its lists. They are Congressman George H. White of North Carolina, ex-Governor P. B. S. Pinchback of Louisiana, Charles Anderson of New York and John C. Dancy of North Carolina.

After the standard bearer of the Democracy—whom every good Democrat believes is without a peer on the platform—the most popular orators of that party this year are David B. Hill, Charles A. Towne, Webster Davis, John P. Altgeld, W. Bourke Cockran, John J. Lentz and Senator Wellington. There are hundreds of others from every state and territory who are but little less prominent as expounders of the doctrines of Jefferson and Jackson than the galaxy of "stars" already mentioned. Among these are George Fred Williams and P. A. Collins of Massachusets, A. P. Gorman of Maryland, William J. Stone and Hon. A. M. Dockery of Missouri, Tom Johnson, Hon. James N. Kilbourn and Mayor Jones of Ohio, Senator Turpie and B. F. Shively of Indiana, Senator Daniel of Virginia, Mayor Carter H. Harrison of Chicago, Senator Henry M. Teller of Colorado, Senator White of California, Johnson Camden of West Virginia, ex-Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania, Luther F. McKinney of Maine, Augustus Thomas and William Sulzer of New York and Dr. L. W. Habercom of Washington. A number of well known women are also adding interest to the public speaking end of the campaign. And the Democrats also have their corps of negro orators, led by Bishop J. Milton Turner, minister to Liberia under President Grant.

A question that often arises in the mind of the lay citizen is that of the "stumper's" remuneration. There is considerable misunderstanding among the people on this point. The facts are that few of the speakers are paid more than expenses, do not ask or expect more, and in many cases they pay their own railroad fare and hotel bills. The latter is generally the rule in the case of the holder of a remunerative political office. Some speakers are paid, it is true, but these are generally the small fellows who address ward and district meetings. It takes money to operate a speakers' bureau, but, aside from what goes to pay the "pikers" already mentioned, the greater part is used in organization work and in advertising, hall rent, fares and other like expenses.

JOSEPH R. BUCHANAN.

FIFTEEN OF THE CLEVER CARTOONISTS WHO ARE CONSPICUOUS IN THE CAMPAIGN.



CARTOONISTS OF AMERICA.

The Funny Fellows Who Furnish Pictorial Political Sermons to the Newspapers.

ALTHOUGH the modern cartoonist has not exactly pushed the spellbinder and the leader writer from the stool of chief importance, he has given these worthies a hard battle in the race for popularity, and the victor is yet to be declared. The up to date reader now takes a glance at the cartoon in his daily paper as an appetizer for the elaborate details of the news column and the clinching arguments of the editorial page. A happy depiction of the subject of current interest is the great cartoonist's forte.

Since the days of Tom Nast, who did "Boss" Tweed to an untimely death with his little pencil, the cartoonist has been an indispensable feature of progressive American journalism. It was the popularity of the cartoon, a popularity due to Nast's brilliant genius, which gave rise to the humorous weekly printed in colors, and as Nast's power waned, more for want of a subject than a lapse of energy, the public looked with longing for the appearance of Puck and Judge, with their rival cartoons from the hands of Keppler, Wales, Gillam and Opper.

Opper, now one of the New York Journal's staff, is among the last of the old school cartoonists, yet few of his admirers would admit that he is any the worse for that. His character studies fairly talk from the printed sheet, his tramps are redolent of trampdom and his ward politicians seem ready to step out of the saloon and haul the reader up to vote straight. Frederick Opper was born in 1857 and began work for the New York papers at the age of 20. After doing comics for Leslie and Harper, he joined the staff of Puck, where his cartoons alternated from week to week with those of Keppler and Wales.

Homer Davenport, the westerner whom the New York Journal has been starring, is ten years younger than Opper and has been in journalism only eight years. Born and reared in a small town in Oregon, he had few advantages, and owes his skill to natural genius, supplemented by hard work. There are judges who place Davenport at the head of the American cartoonists of today, but in any contest for honors in that field Mr. Pulitzer would beg to present as a rival The World's well known artist, Charles Green Bush.

Bush is a worker who at least did not come up in the irregular way. He believes that the cartoon should be an editorial in picture form, with a dash of humor thrown in. Before Bush found his element he studied art three years in Paris, and even after that was compelled to give lessons in drawing to make both ends meet in his little household, for while abroad he found an American girl courageous enough to marry a struggling artist.

While drawing weekly cartoons for the New York Telegram Bush made a few hits that brought him fame. One of these was his "Klondike," a powerful sermon against the lust for gold which even the religious papers copied. Then he gave David B. Hill the little hat, with its big streamer bearing the legend, "I am a Democrat." Being well read in the classics, Bush draws upon history and mythology, for characters and settings, while the main idea of the cartoon is often developed in a chance conversation or even worked up after the artist sits down to his task with the feeling that something must be done. "Study, application and hard work" is his stereotyped advice to beginners who burn for fame and yearn for emoluments around the art sanctums of the New York press.

The career of Charles Nelan, cartoonist of the New York Herald, is an illustration of the fact that the cartoon is an old feature breaking into a new field. The press is growing, and the cartoon is essential to the new development. Nelan was an Ohio boy, and says that, after losing several positions for drawing funny pictures, he concluded that funny pictures must be his forte. He made his first cartoon for a weekly paper published in his native town of Akron. This drew the attention of Cleveland editors to the budding genius, and he got regular work there. Finally he engaged with a league of papers and manipulated the chalk in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City and Chicago, by which time his work was known in the east, and The Herald took him on the strength of his western reputation three years ago.

For a real free lance cartoonist one instinctively turns to Leon Barritt, now of the New York Tribune, hence a free lance no longer. Barritt, like Topsy, "jest growed." He began active life as a newsboy in his native town of Saugerties, N. Y. From selling newspapers to reporting, editing and publishing was a natural step, but meanwhile young Barritt kept his eye upon art. He had learned wood and photo engraving, and, working at that in Boston for a year, returned to journalism and finally launched his bark upon the troubled sea of Gotham life as a contributor of cartoons to any paper which would buy. His name appeared regularly in nearly every daily of consequence, and, his ideas not being narrowed down to the requirements of a single sheet, his work had a wide range.

A newspaper man whose name is known to the public as a clever correspondent from the seat of war in the Philippines and South Africa is John T. McCutcheon of the Chicago Record. His letters have been extensively copied, but it was only the accident of happening to be in the Pacific when Dewey sailed to Manila that caused him to put pen to paper as a journalist. He says that while at school in his native town of Lafayette, Ind., he developed cartoon symptoms, and they have stuck to him ever since.

Crane, the Boston Herald man, is new to that paper, but his work is well known in New York, having appeared in The Recorder, now defunct; The World and The Herald. He was art editor of the Philadelphia Press four years and held the same position on the New York Herald two years.

The traditions of life in America are rather reversed by the career of Felix Mahony, cartoonist of the Washington Star. Born in New York of cultured ancestry, he passed through school and college and began the study of art in Washington. Mahony is now 30 years old and has delighted readers of The Star with cartoons and caricatures for the past three years.

A. J. Van Leshout now enlivens the Chicago Inter Ocean with a pencil once devoted to rough caricatures of railroad men who came under his notice while a telegraph operator. Finally his contributions to the press were accepted, and he abandoned the key to become a cartoonist. After working two years on the staff of the New York Press, he engaged with The Inter Ocean.

Ryan Walker, whose signature—a black cat—has become famous in the St. Louis Republic, where he is the all round "funny man," is a Kentuckian 30 years old. He worked at everything from engraving to pork packing, from publishing to reporting, in order to study human nature. He turns out two or three cartoons a day, besides managing the comic supplement and doing outside work.

W. R. Bradford, who contributes an occasional cartoon to the Chicago Tribune, is a machinist by trade and a cartoonist by nature, having inherited skill with the pencil from his father.

Hedrick of The Globe-Democrat has had a varied career as a self taught newspaper artist. He emigrated from the Texas prairie to the St. Louis sanctum three years ago.

"Donnie," J. H. Donohey, of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, began work as the "devil" of the Ohio Democrat, and by hard study has won reputation for high art in his cartoons.

A glance at a cartoon signed "Bart" (C. L. Bartholomew) in the Minneapolis Journal is like a hasty survey of a well ordered dinner table; the beholder is conscious of being up against a feast, details of which may be left for future investigation. He is the pioneer cartoonist of the northwest, and The Journal set the pace in the matter of printing a daily cartoon.

Harper's Weekly clings to the feature which made it a power in the fight against Tweed 30 years ago. The cartoons now appearing in that journal are the work of one of the editors—W. A. Rogers—who, like Opper, is something of an old timer. Rogers worked on The Daily Graphic in the seventies. He made a hit with a political cartoon in the Garfield-Hancock campaign, and his pencil has never since been idle. He is an all round illustrator for the weeklies and magazines.

MILLER P. CULVER.

Photo by Bliss, Washington.

SENATOR SCOTT.
[Who directs Republican spellbinders.]

Photo by Urlin, Washington.

HON. DANIEL M'CONVILLE.
[Who has charge of Democratic orators.]

HOW WE READ.

Messrs. Erdmann and Dodge, according to a German scientific paper, have been trying to analyze the operation of the eye and mind in reading. Two views are current, one that in reading you spell out the words letter by letter, and the other that you learn to recognize groups of letters.

By recording the motions of the eye during reading it was found by Erdmann and Dodge that the eye does not follow the line of reading at a regular pace from left to right, but that it goes by steps or jumps, with periods of rest between them. It is during the periods of rest, infinitesimal as they are, the reading is really done. During that period, which is analogous to the short exposure needed to make a photograph with a snap shot camera, a picture of a group of letters is made before the mind, and reading consists in grasping these groups of letters in succession.

When we come to a group of letters that is unfamiliar, such as an unusual word, the eye hesitates and perhaps has to analyze the group, letter by letter. In some persons the optical memory is developed extra strongly, and such persons are able to grasp a whole line at a time and thus make rapid readers. Inexperienced readers, on the other hand, have to read much more slowly, a letter or two at a time.

MOUNTAIN RATS.

Mountain rats in the mines in Colorado are about as big as wharf rats, but they have a bushy tail like a squirrel and are pets of the miners. Whenever the luncheon hour comes you will see the rodents come from their holes or nests or wherever they live in the intervals between meals, squat on their haunches and sit there until one of the miners shares his dinner with them. Whatever they get of the scraps of that meal they sit up and eat just as a squirrel does. The miner does not exist that would not share his meal with them.

THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE.

A curious story is told of how that lovely variety of the queen of flowers called the White Rose of Provence first became known. One summer day rather more than 100 years ago a Mr. Daniel Grimond, nurseryman of London, was riding leisurely along a country lane in Norfolk when he noticed a rose tree growing close beside an old mill and covered with roses of dazzling whiteness. It was but the work of a few moments to dismount, knock at the door of the mill and make friends with the miller's wife, who, good woman, was not a little surprised at the interest shown by the stranger in her favorite white roses.

Her astonishment, however, must have passed all bounds when the former, having begged permission to carry away one of the blossoms, pressed a guinea into her hand. But she could not know that in cutting off the flower Mr. Grimond had cut three buds and that on arriving at the nearest inn he had carefully packed the spray and sent it posthaste to his foreman at Chelsea.

Two of these buds grew, and the following autumn the enterprising florist once more visited the old Norfolk mill and bought the entire stock for 5 guineas. The foreman had instructions to propagate the rose and was paid 5 shillings a plant for three years for doing so. At the end of that time Mr. Grimond sold out all his white rose plants at a guinea apiece, the foreman's share of the profits amounting to £300. It is pleasant to know that the miller's wife was made a sharer in the Chelsea nurseryman's good fortune, and she received as her reward for being, all unconsciously, the discoverer of a grand secret in horticulture a handsome present, consisting of a silver tankard and other pieces of plate of the value of £60.

A MAGISTRATE'S STORY.

A well known North Dakota magistrate tells the following story, for the truth of which he vouches: At a small town in the state there were two doctors, one of whom had a great reputation for the cures he effected, and the other was not believed to be "much good." The favored doctor found his services in great request, but, as payment was not always forthcoming, he made a rule that a certain class of his patients should pay in advance.

"My fee is $10."

One winter's night he was roused by two farmers from a hamlet ten miles away, the wife of one of whom was seriously ill. He told them to go to the other doctor, but they refused, saying they would prefer to have his services. "Very well," replied the medico, "in that case my fee is $10, the money to be paid now."

The men remonstrated, but the doctor was obdurate and shut down his window. He waited, however, to hear what they would say. "Well, what will we do now?" asked the farmer whose wife was ill. And the reply that was given must have been as gratifying, as it was amusing to the listening doctor. It was: "I think you would better give it. The funeral would cost you more."

INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

For a number of weeks past there has been a constantly increasing stream of Roumanian Hebrews passing through Vienna in parties of from 50 to 100. It is said that the majority of these wretched folk are on their way to Canada, where they intend to settle as laborers. Thousands of them have been compelled to desert their homes by a steady persecution, which made it absolutely impossible for them to earn a livelihood.

Lightning hits tall trees very often, especially when their roots reach running water. The lightning blasted oak or elm is a familiar object in rural landscapes. Some old fashioned people believe that if one has the toothache it can be cured by picking the aching member with a sliver of wood from one of these lightning stricken trees.

John P. Irish, once a well known western journalist and now naval officer of the port of San Francisco, has one peculiarity—he will not wear a necktie. He once had throat trouble and concluded it came from too much wrapping up of his neck.

Death from suffocation is pleasant, according to Joseph Grady, a Winsted (Conn.) plumber who was in a cave in until unconscious. He said: "I thought of every prayer I had heard and repeated them over and over. I could hear the men working above me. Then came sweet music—the sweetest I ever heard. That was the last I remember."

The Seminole tribe of Indians, who have been the leading tribe in Florida for so many generations, are fast leaving that country. There are now but three bands left in the state, and these only aggregate about 600 members. So completely have these people been disintegrated that no tribal relations now exist between them. They have no acknowledged chief, and they recognize no man's authority.

In the village of Millbeck, near Keswick, is a most curious freak of nature. Two trunks rise on each side of a spring of clear water and join together three feet above, forming one tree.

A few years ago a bullfight took place in Mexico, the toreador being mounted on a bicycle. The rider, Manuel Garcia by name, was so badly injured that he died soon afterward.

There are over 100,000,000 people in China who are engaged in the tea industry. Some of them are very wealthy, though they know little beyond the cultivation, marketing and sale of teas. It is also a fact that many of these tea raisers and tea merchants are members of the secret societies in the empire that are now causing such apprehension among the nations of the universe.

Of the two biggest farms in England, one is in the parish of Wethcal, Lincolnshire. It has 2,600 acres under plow. The other is between Wooler and Coldstream, in Northumberland.